# PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 1984 $3.50

**LIFE AS A MAFIA PRINCESS:** EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH SAM GIANCANA'S DAUGHTER

**AMERICAN JUSTICE:** WHY THE CRIMINALS ARE WINNING

**GREAT IRANIAN RESCUE DISASTER:** EYEWITNESS REPORT

**NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR MEN:** CHAIRMAN SIDNEY SILLER ON MEN'S RIGHTS

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# PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/March 1984

Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

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| **CONTENTS** | | | **PAGE** |
|---|---|---|---|
| HOUSECALL | Introduction | | 6 |
| FORUM | Correspondence | | 8 |
| FEEDBACK | Opinion | | 22 |
| MEN'S RIGHTS | Service | Sidney Siller | 30 |
| CALL ME MADAM | Counsel | Xaviera Hollander | 32 |
| VIEW FROM THE TOP | Comment | Emily Prager | 41 |
| TV | | Nick Tosches | 42 |
| COMPUTERS | | Ken Uston | 44 |
| FILMS | | Roger Greenspun | 46 |
| SOUNDS | | Robert Palmer | 48 |
| WORDS | | Marilyn Stasio | 50 |
| AMERICAN JUSTICE IS A CRIME | Article | William Tucker | 52 |
| LOOSE CANNONS | | J. Cummings and E. Volkman | 54 |
| LONG LEG OF THE LAW | Pictorial | Photos by Earl Miller | 56 |
| DEATH AT DESERT ONE | Article | Logan Fitch and George Feifer | 66 |
| VIRGIN TERRITORY | Fiction | Gardner Dozois, Jack Dann, and Michael Swanwick | 72 |
| PAULA | Pet of the Month | Photos by Stephen Hicks | 75 |
| VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER | Service | William R. Corson | 94 |
| RID THE SKIES OF AEROFLOT | Essay | Jerome Greer Chandler | 96 |
| CARA | Pictorial | Photos by Jerry Pasternak | 99 |
| ANTOINETTE GIANCANA | Interview | Peter Manso | 114 |
| HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE | Satire | Ori Hofmekler | 118 |
| JOHN CANDY GOES HOLLYWOOD | Conversation | Robert Crane | 120 |
| SPRING INTO ACTION | Fashion | Ed Emmerling | 124 |
| HARD TIMES | Humor | | 131 |
| ARE YOU A SEXUAL TERRORIST | Quiz | Frank Donegan | 136 |
| THE AMERICAN SPIRIT | Service | Laurence Shames | 140 |
| HIMAGES | Humor | Robert Kaufman | 145 |
| GAMES | Diversions | Scot Morris | 156 |
| SWEET CHASTITY | Satire | Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione | 160 |

*This month's cover features Teri Jory who was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Harrison filters, and Norman strobes. Teri also appears on page 56.*

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**Advertising Offices:** *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.

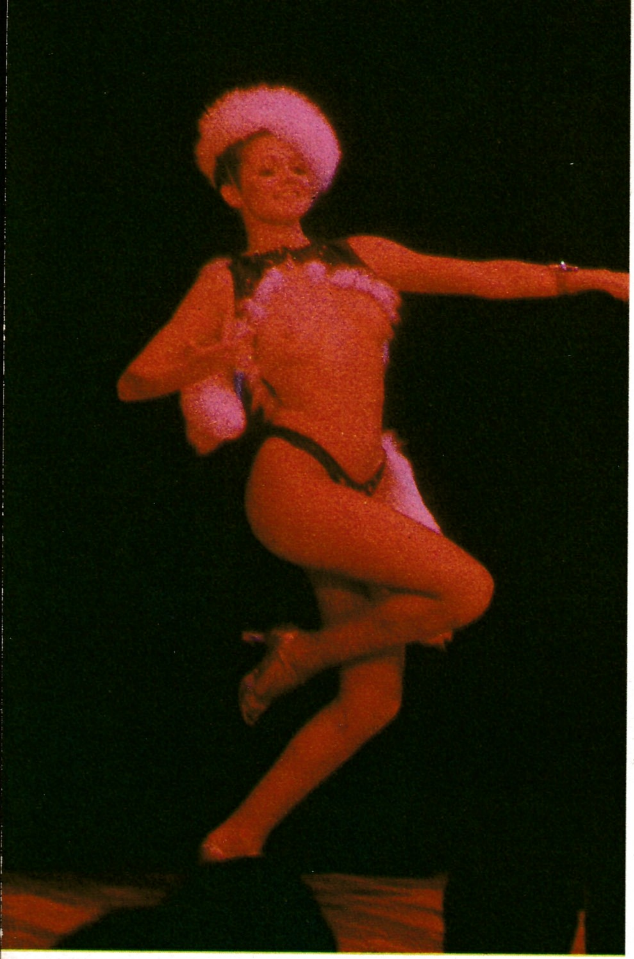
*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

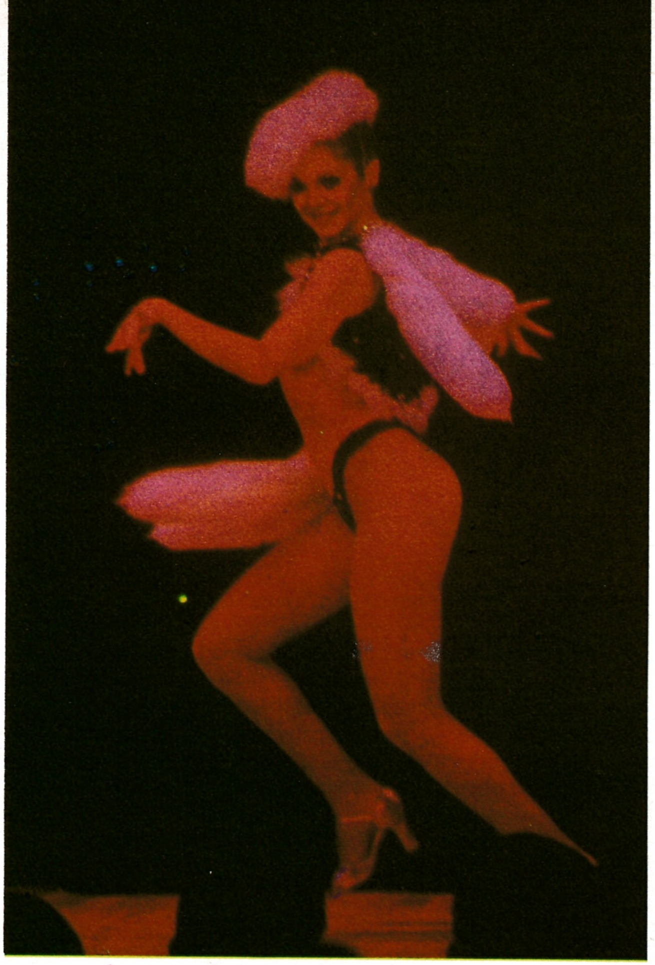
Men's wardrobe courtesy of Tuxedo Junction, Las Vegas, Nev

# LONG LEG OF THE LAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Sudden impact: first laying eyes on topless Teri Jory. At five foot three, our 36-24-36-inch showstopper is built to beat the band. Along with several other stunning Pets and showgirls, Teri triumphed last year in the Penthouse Pet Review held at the Marina Hotel in Las Vegas, where she emitted enough radiant energy to precipitate a nuclear meltdown. Dauntlessly, the band played on, and Teri danced her way into our hearts—and other vital organs. Often, Pets long to be dancers; Teri's wish took a different perspective. Already a professional dancer, she dreamed of becoming a Pet. Admiring our tempting 24-year-old's reverse psychology, we happily complied. The results, as they say, are purely positive. A restless native of Las Vegas, Teri was born a little girl men thank heaven for: long-limbed, lissome, lovable...





marina
hotel
casino
GEORGE M. MARTIN PRESENTS
PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE'S
PENTHOUSE
PET REVUE
9PM
& 11PM
marina hotel

...Also, an ambitious young scholar. Her goal–like her leap below–is daring. She hopes, after finishing law school, to one day become the state's first female supreme court justice. The long leg of the law, in other words.

Most girls work their way through school;
Teri plays. Dancing, modeling, even a little roulette at the Marina casino. It's fun to be in
the chips, observes our gamboling gambler....

Another of Teri's passions involves her silver Arabian stallion. Seems they often strut their stuff at equestrian events in the area. A showgirl on a show horse—and what a show at that!

Lingerie courtesy of Midnight Lace, Las Vegas, Nev.

All these accomplishments might be
a threat to some men. On the other hand,
she reasons, for others she's well
worth the gamble. Poker-faced, we agree.

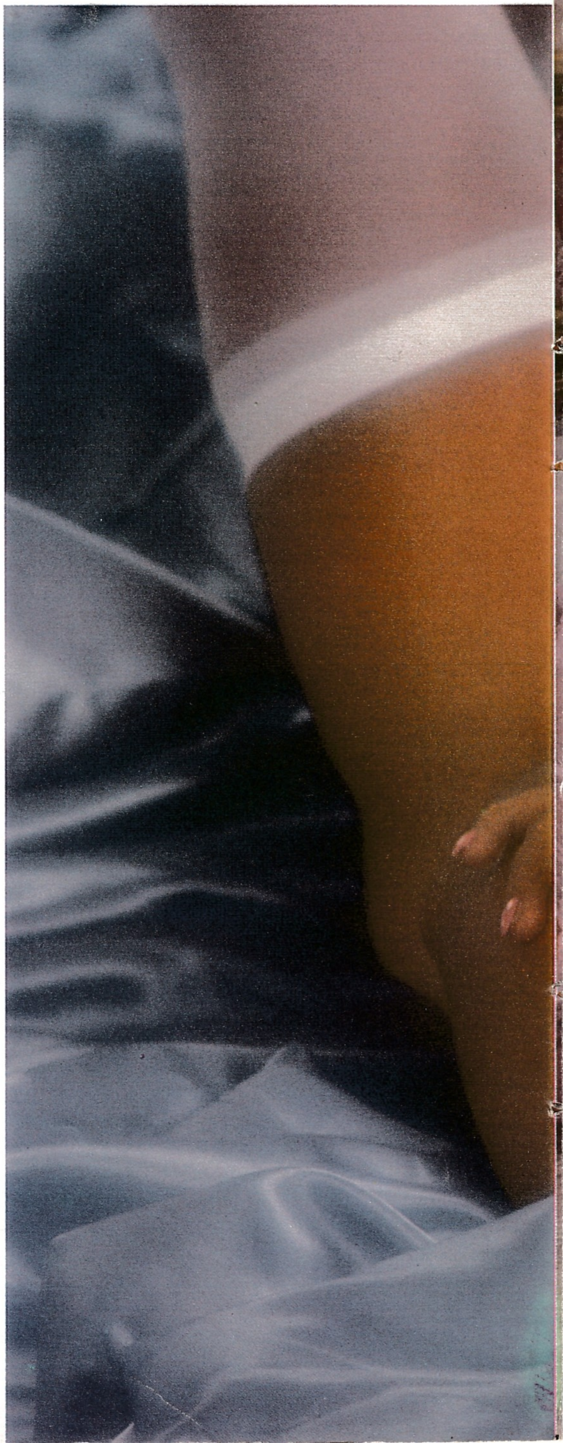
*❛When you find a man who's good in bed and great fun out of bed, it's time to pitch your tent.❜*

# PAULA

# PUBLIC EYE

—that's me," laughs Pet of the Month Paula Ann Wood. She isn't really talking about her baby blues, either—though we can't close our own to that. Instead, she's recommending her favorite habit: unabashed people-watching. "I do it all the time—at airports, in shopping malls, in waiting rooms. Sometimes I'll even write down my observations." No doubt people are looking back, storing Paula's 36-24-36-inch riches in their memory banks.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN HICKS



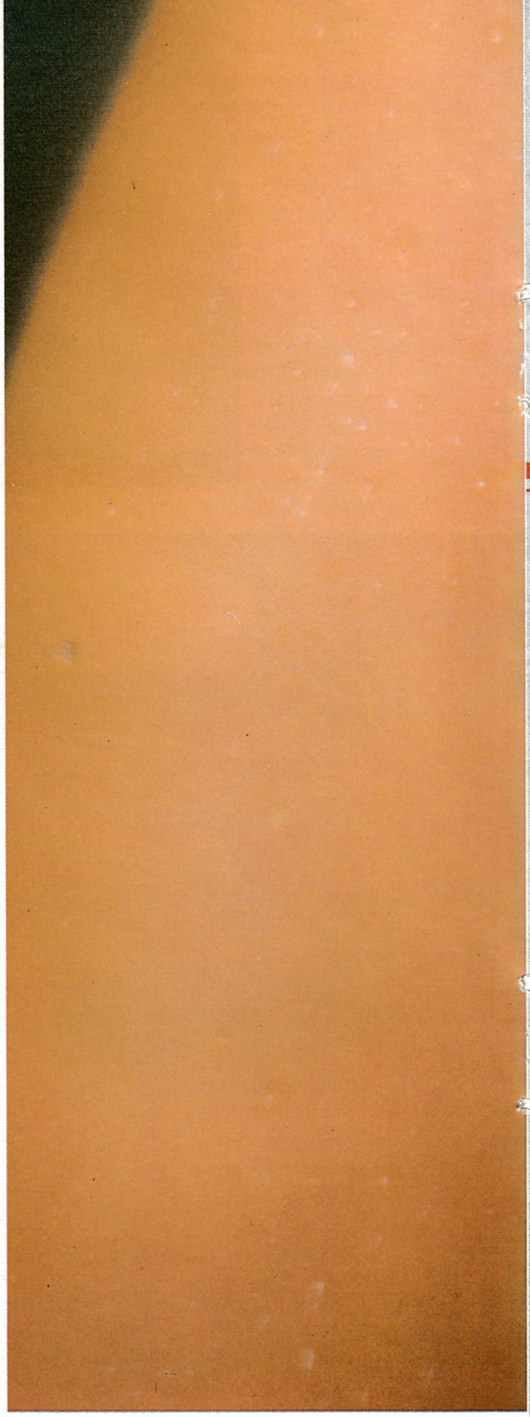
It's obvious our Pet doesn't mind, nor is she shy about sharing herself with us here. "After all, people weren't born with their clothes on. . . ."

"Why try to hide it?" On the contrary, Paula's personal motto is "Seek and ye shall find."

In fact, our gifted soprano intends to launch a professional singing career.

Last year, a choral group invited her to join them on a world tour, but she had to pass it up to finish high school.

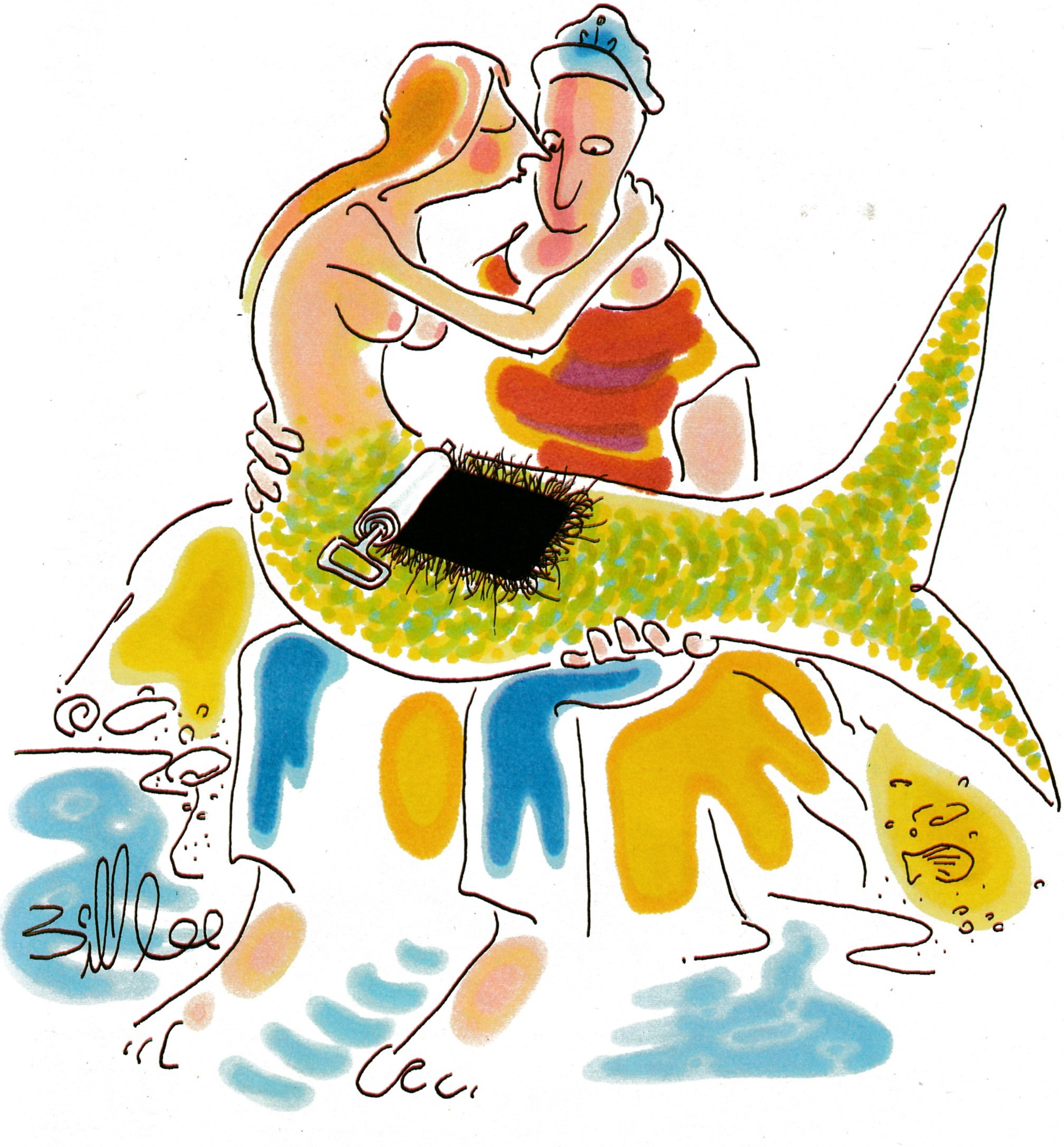
My boyfriend always says that even though I sing like a nightingale, I'm not nearly as flighty. . . ." Or fickle, sadly. For two years, our smoky-eyed Pet has been strictly monogamous.



"When you find a man who's good in bed and great fun out of bed, it's time to pitch your tent." We predict that single remark might put boy-scouting back in fashion.

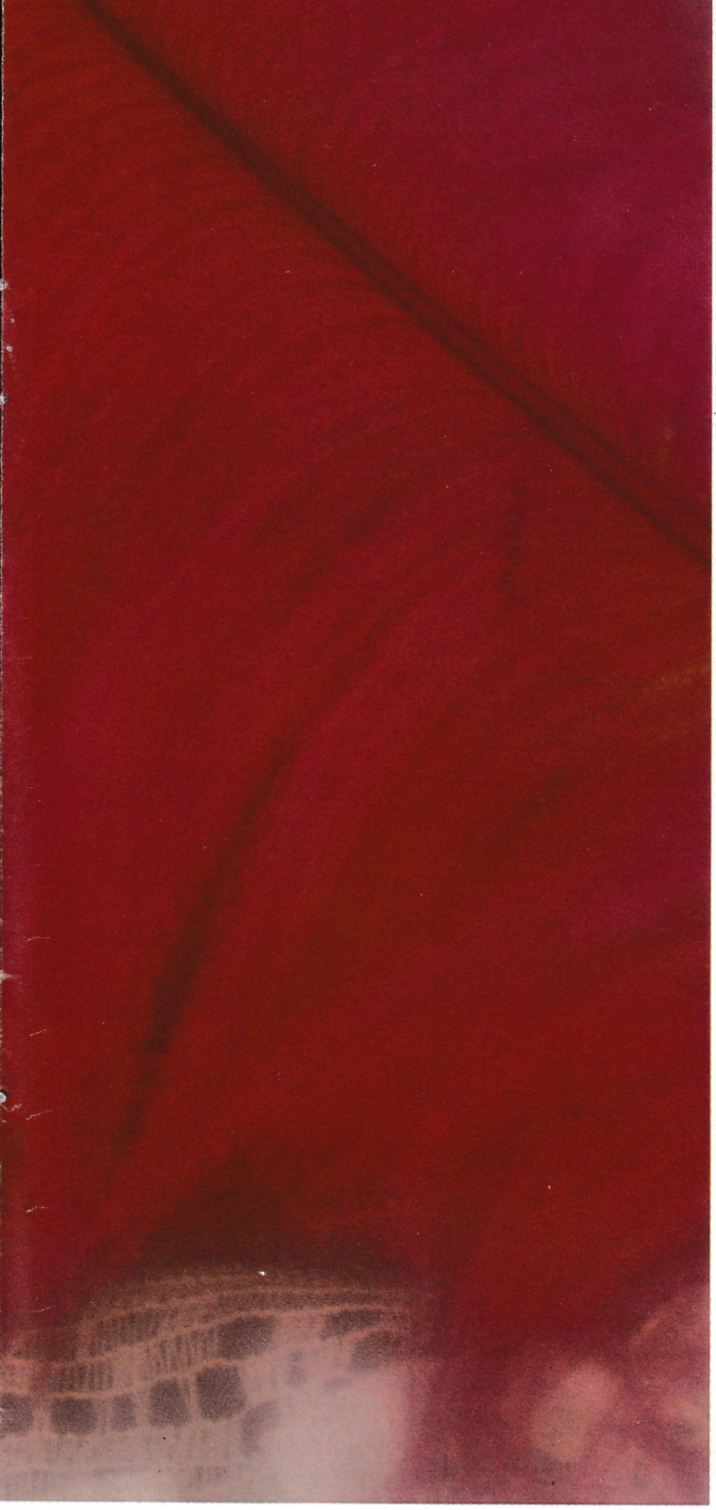
Paula is clearly on a roll: last year she was chosen a Miss California finalist; this year she's been chosen Pet of the Month. "Titles make me feel secure–like major credit cards do." But even without them, who among us would doubt her desirability?

MISS PAULA ANN WOOD / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH


Bill Lee

# CARA

❛I'm really not much of a party girl...private parties for two are more my style.❜



# HIDE AND GO SEEK

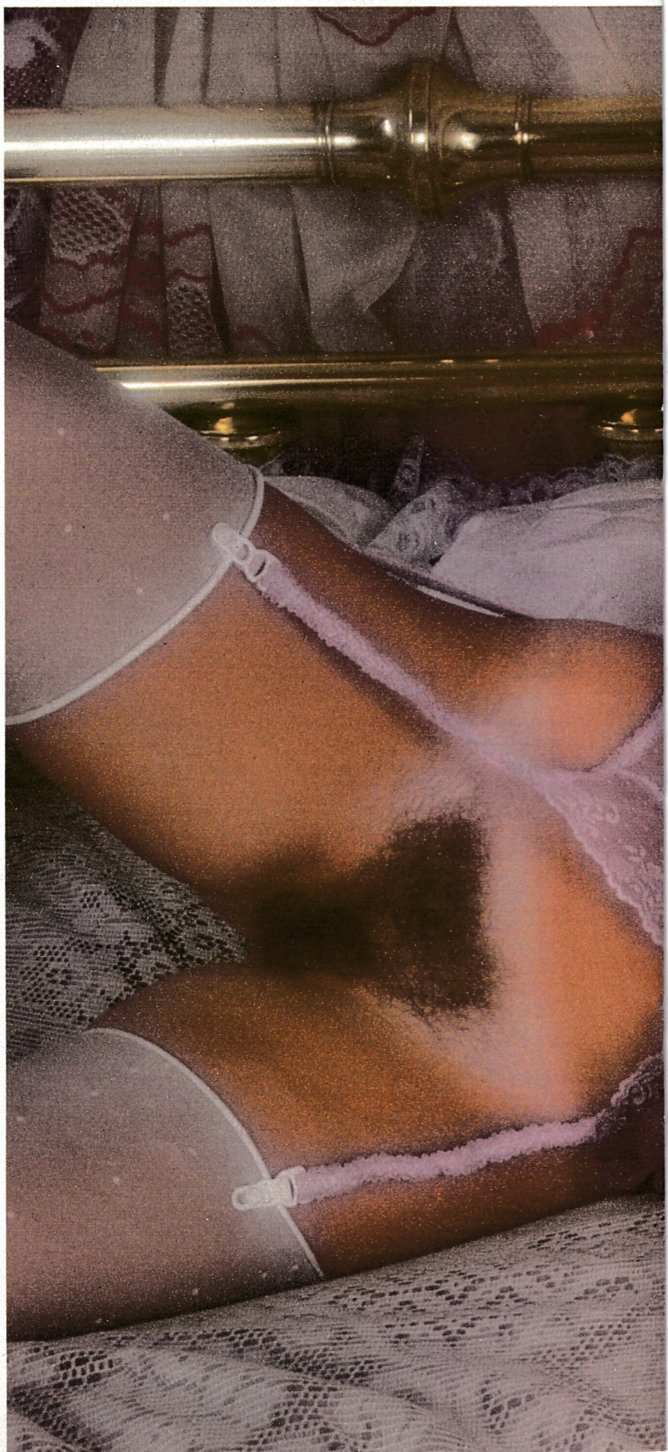
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY PASTERNAK

Though she doesn't live far from Big Sur, Cara Richards is no typical California girl. She prefers a world that is indoors, air-conditioned, dimly lit, and sensual. In a whisper as soft as the feathers that hide her face, she explains how sunny outdoor activities pale beside her favorite sedentary pleasures: good food, good wine, good music. And she allows that making love is another favored pleasure but refuses to rate her priorities. Instead, she repeats a well-known Zen maxim:

" 'When you eat, eat; when you work, work; when you sleep, sleep' ...you know the rest," she says with a smile.

Though fun-loving, Cara's no party girl; she suggests that private parties for two are more her style.

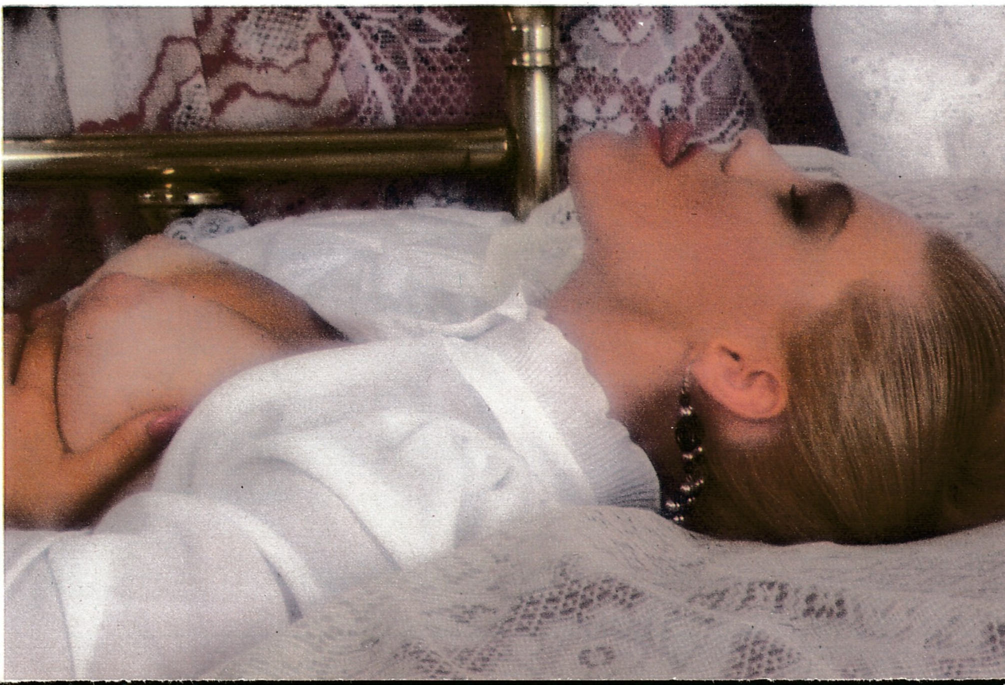
We'd like to get on her party line, but Cara warns that she's got too many calls to answer already. Plus, she has to work for a living–presently as a bookstore clerk....

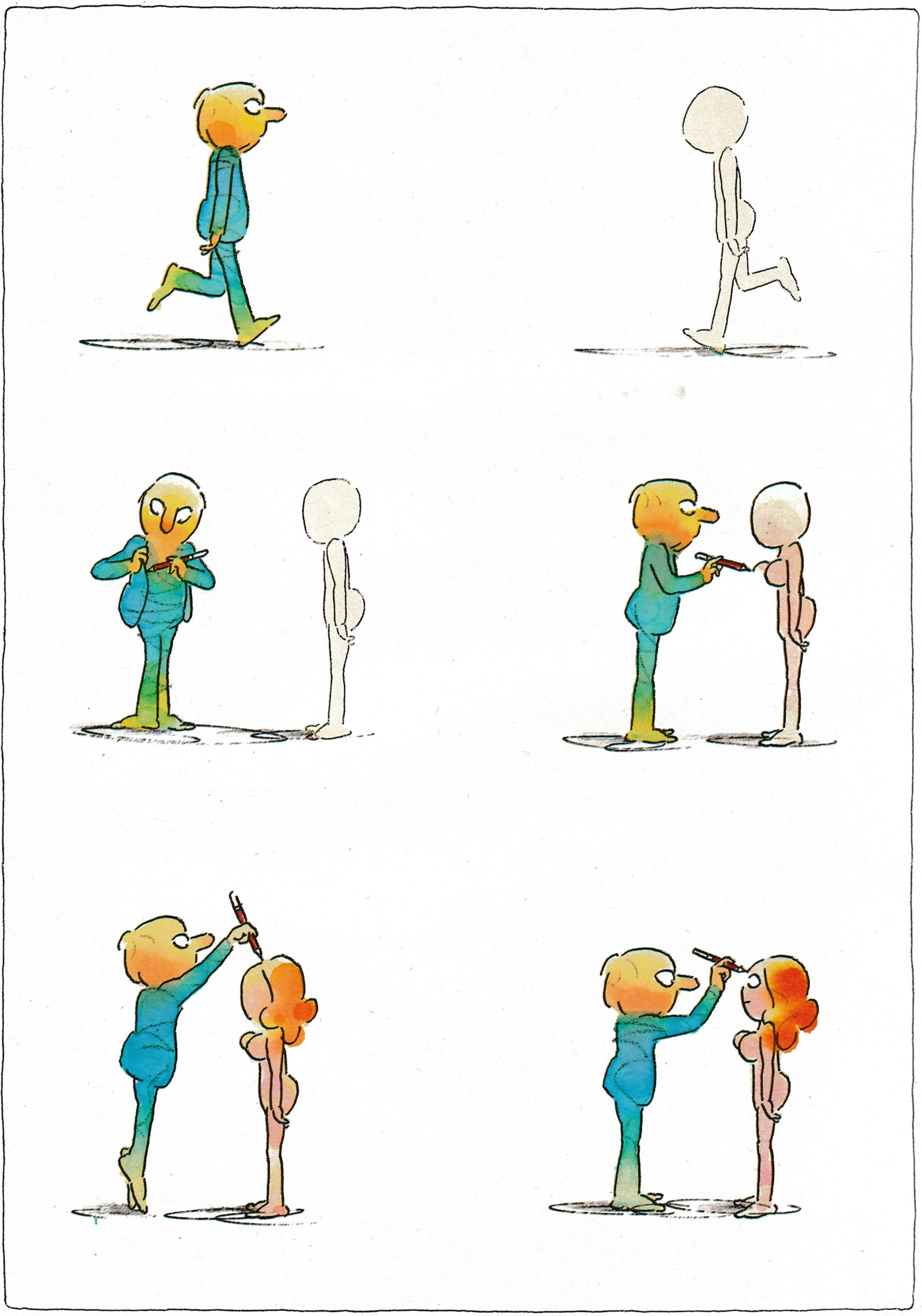


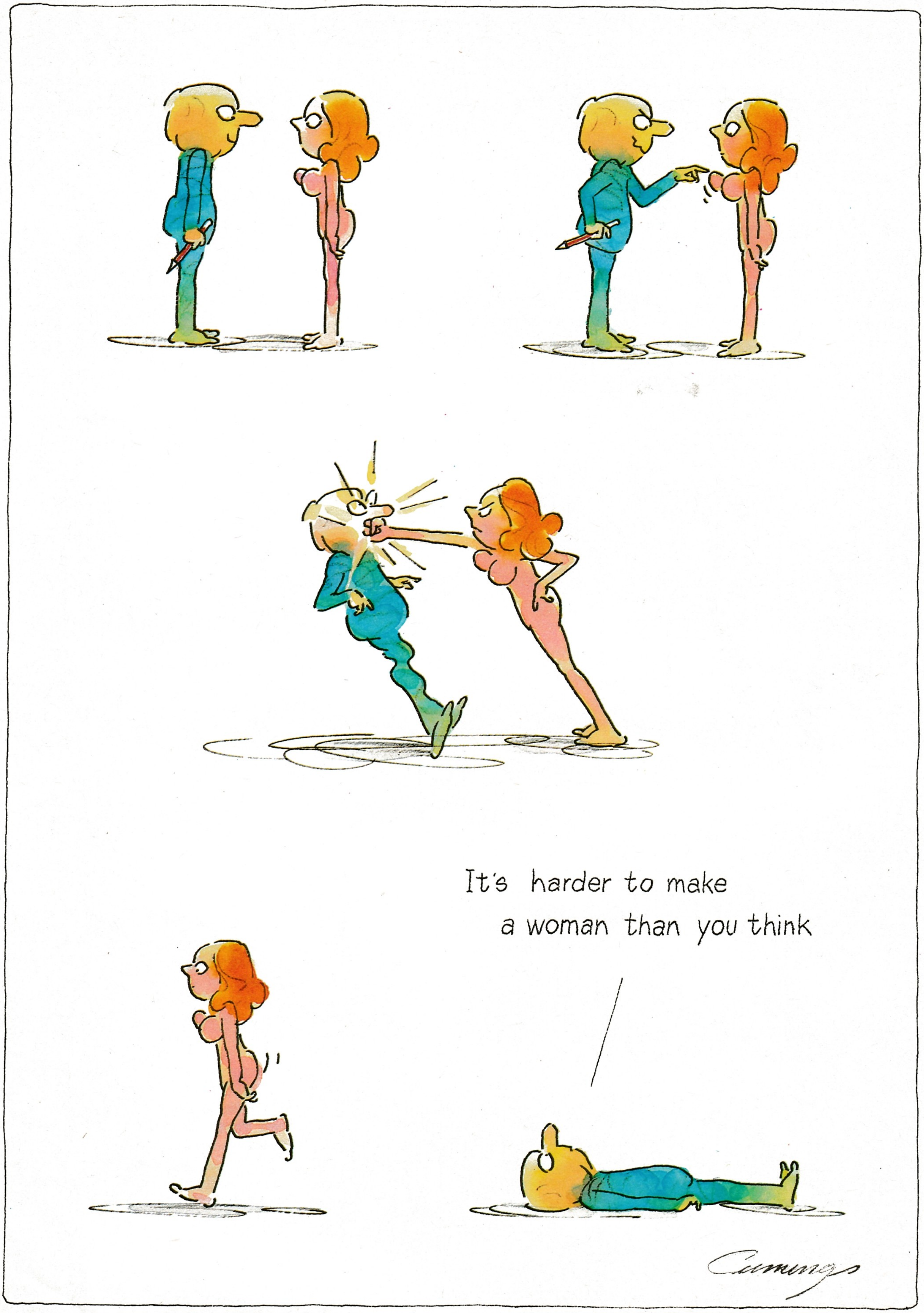
A bit lazy by nature, Cara admits she's sometimes tardy, but knows she'll never be fired. Seems the number of male customers has doubled since she started work. No proof that her riveting 35-23-35-inch figure is the cause, but a body can read between the lines....

And Cara's quick to admit that she's no bibliophile. "There are some experiences in life you simply can't get from books."

A product of her generation, our 21-year-old Pet much prefers video games and, of course, her music. "My stereo sleeps when I sleep," she says, "otherwise, we're both on full blast." Even, we ask, when she's busy making love? "Not quite," says she. Accompanied by a vigorous, well-endowed man, she's got her own brand of rhythm.

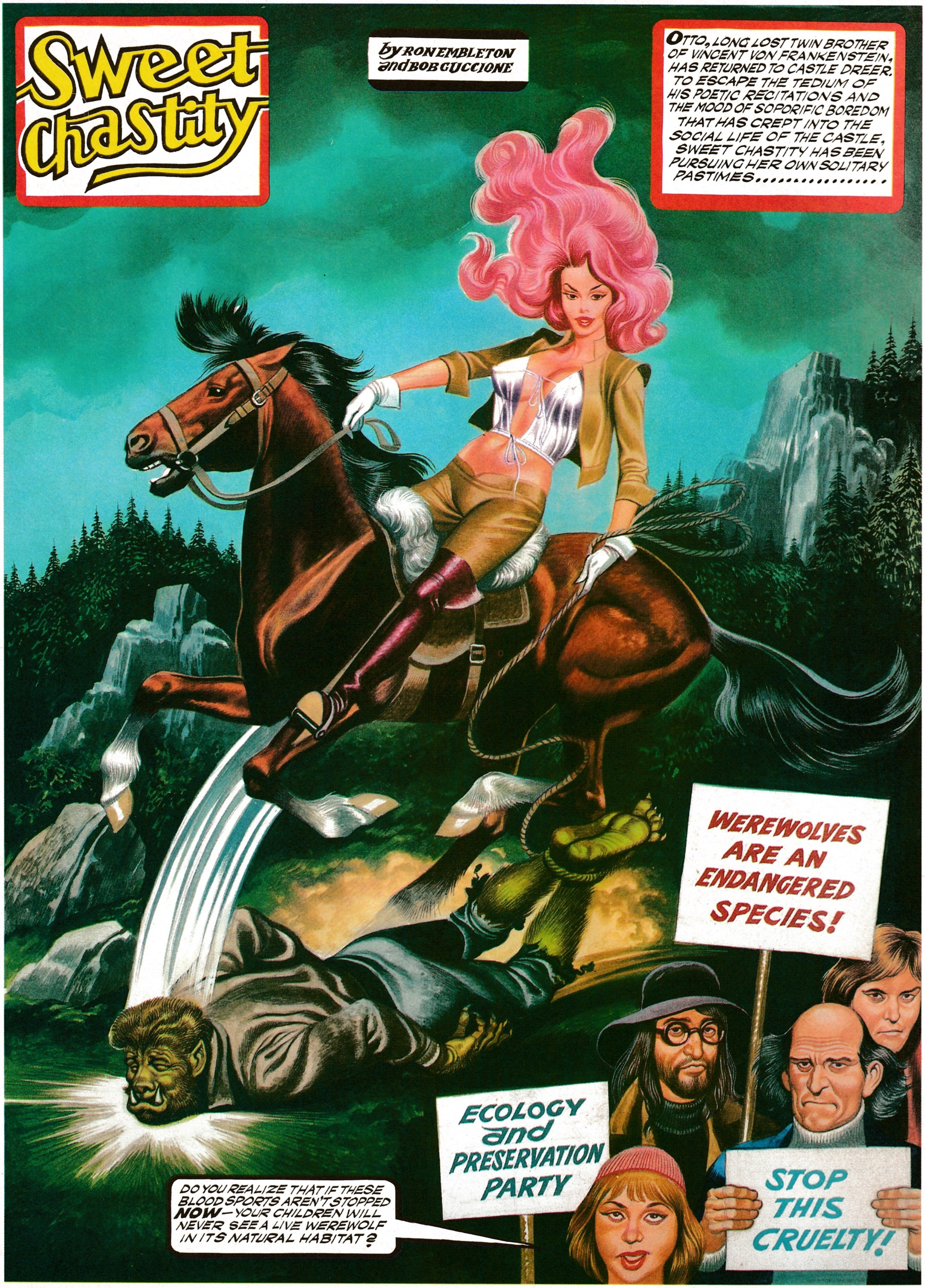


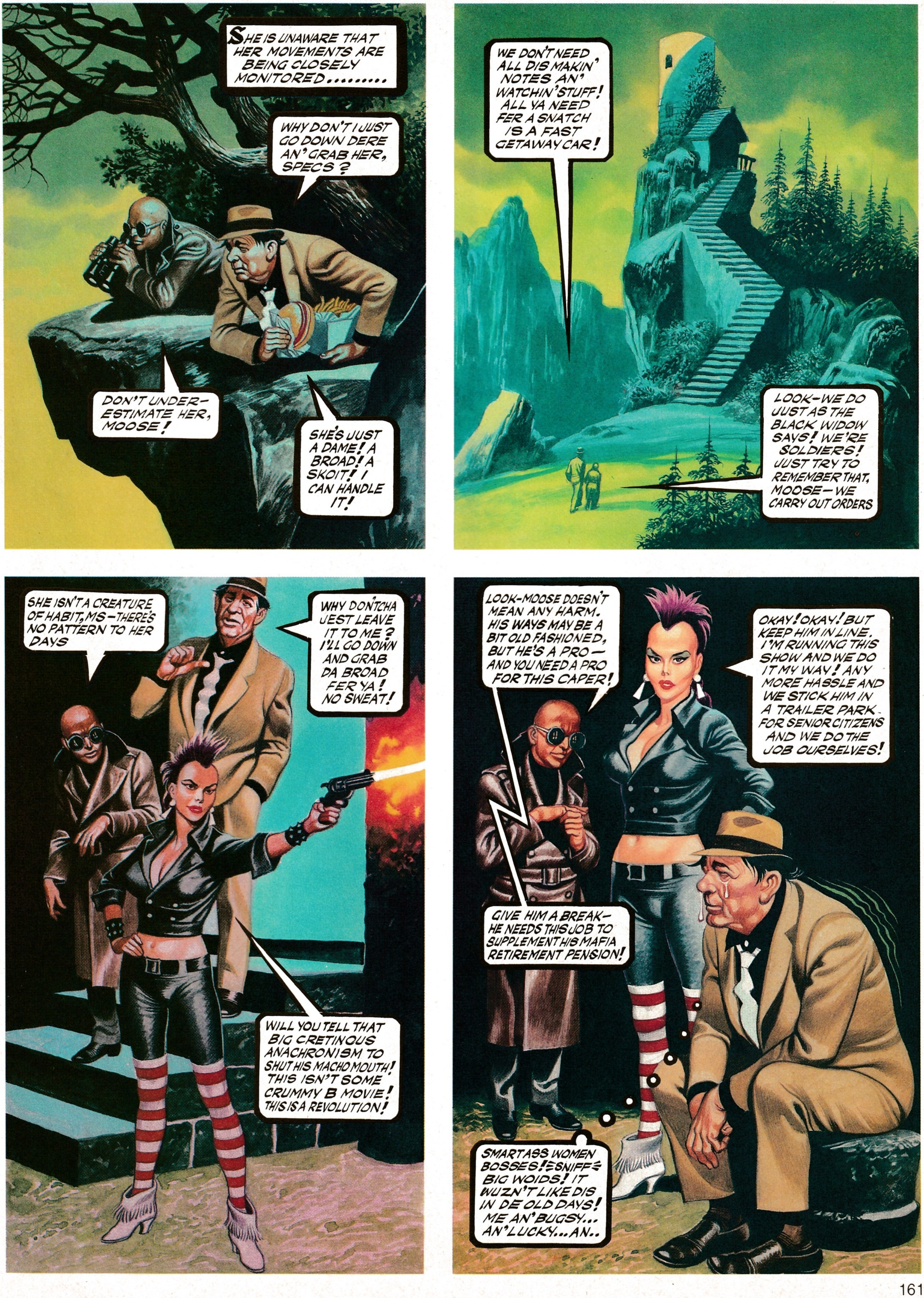


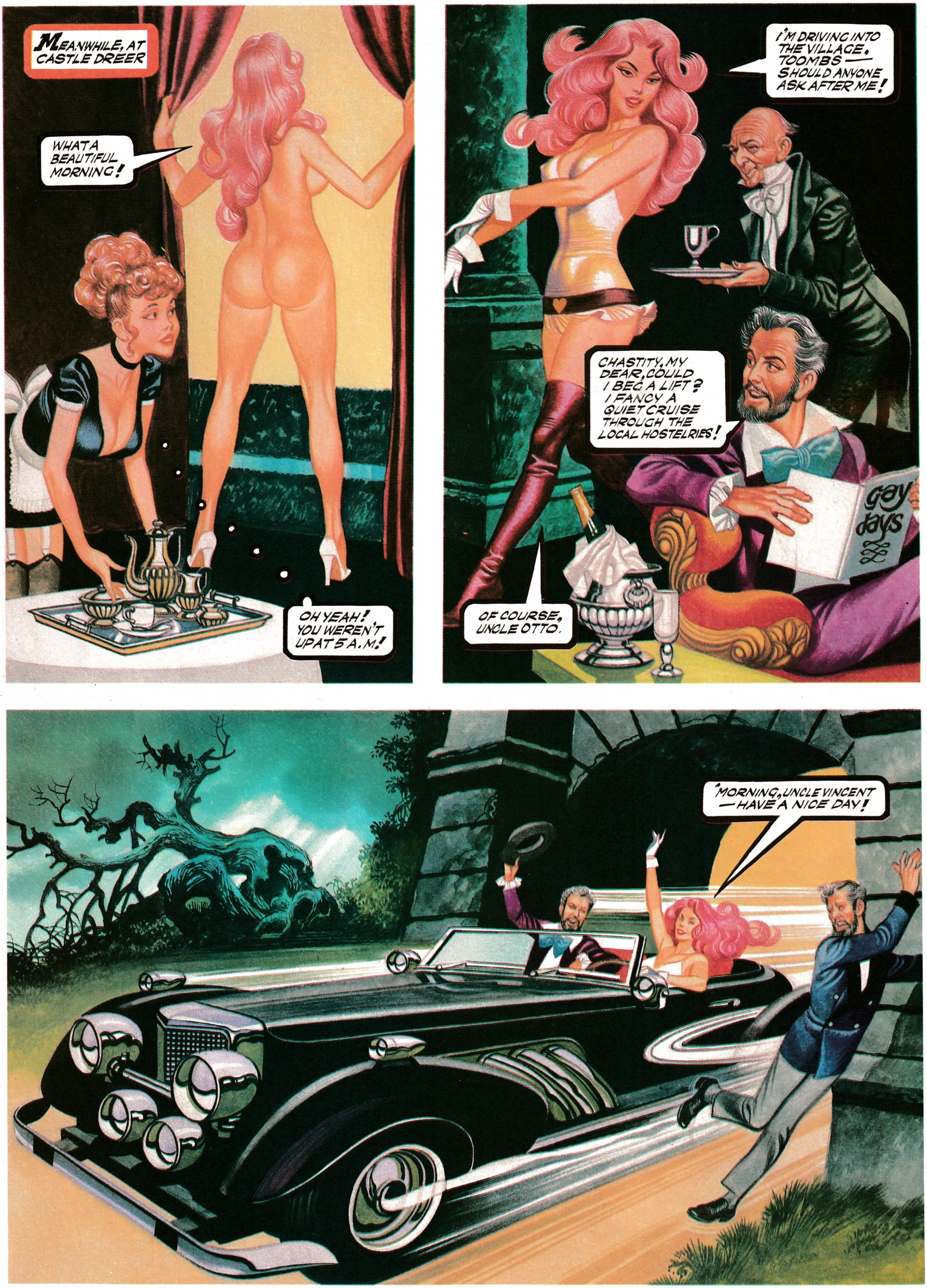

It's harder to make a woman than you think
Cummings

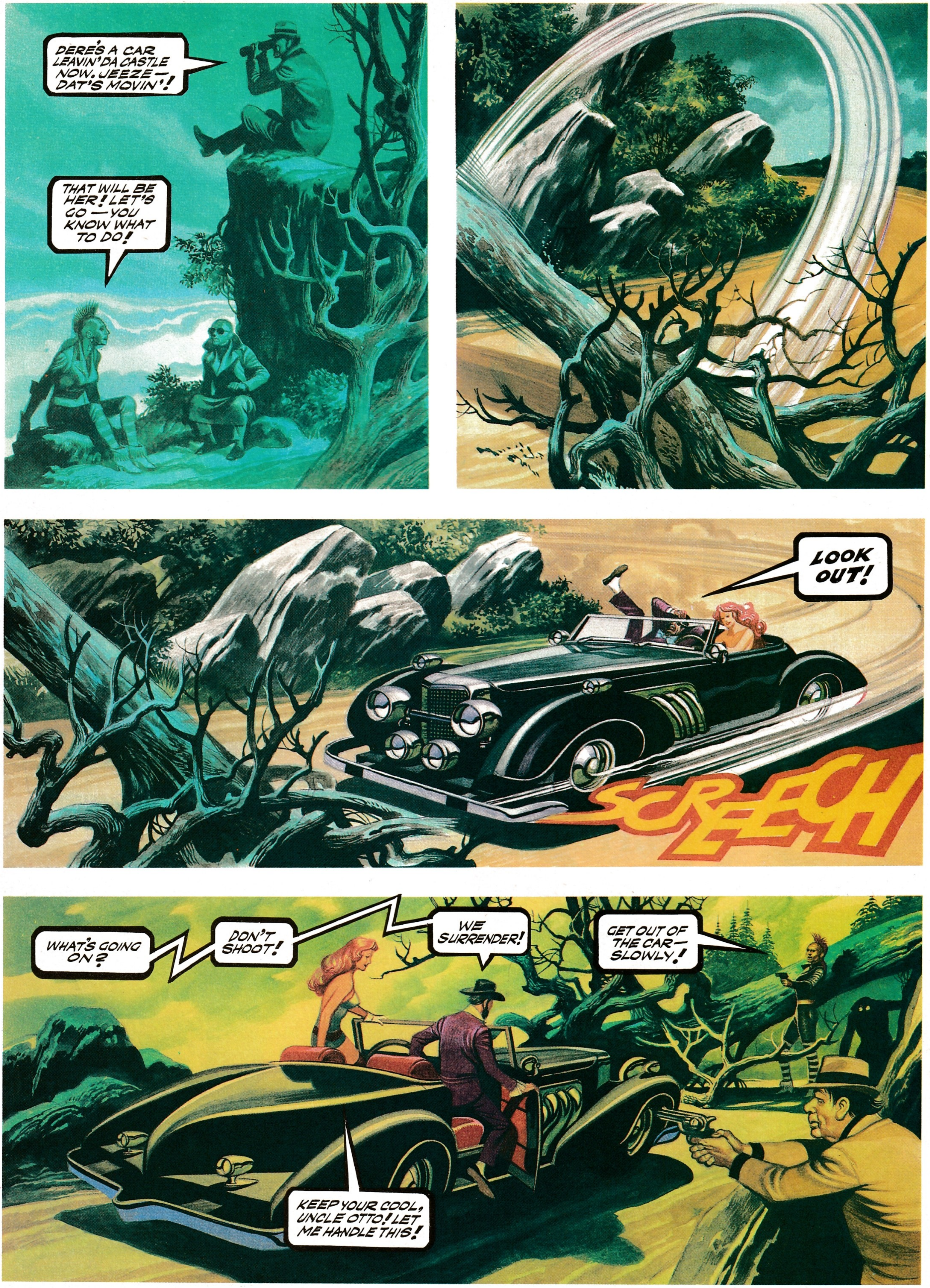
# Sweet Chastity

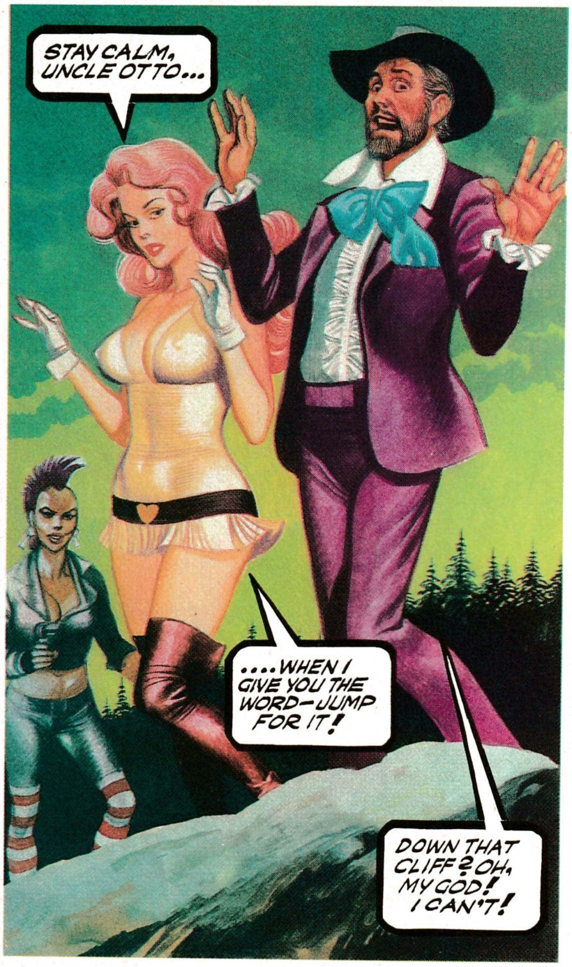
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

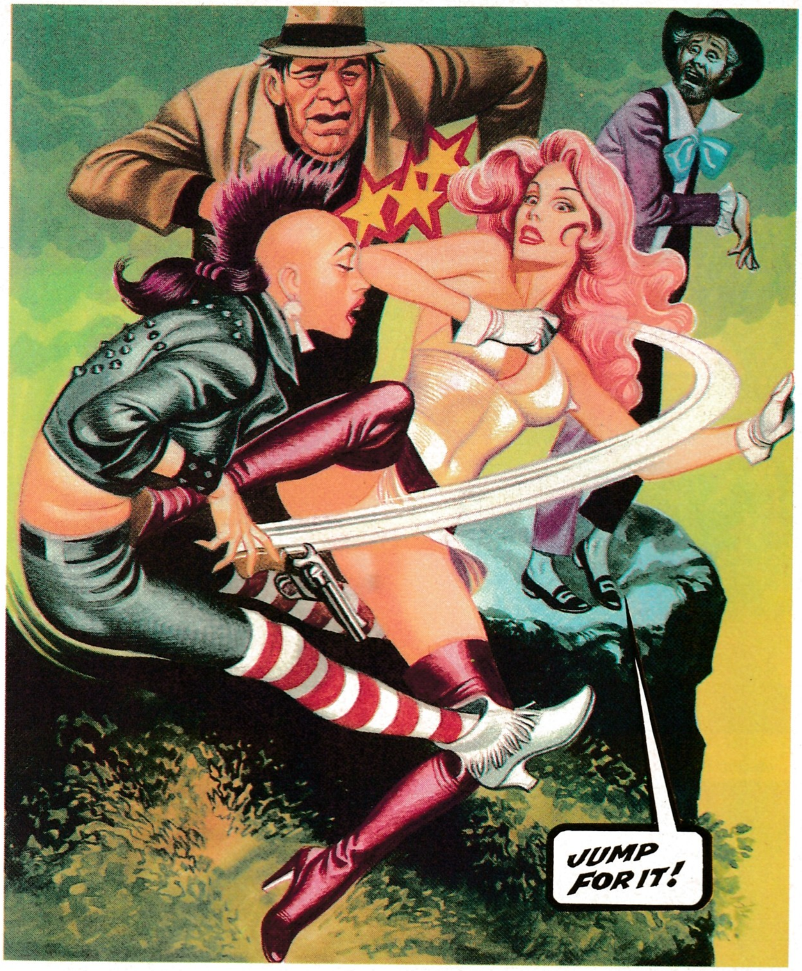

OTTO, LONG LOST TWIN BROTHER OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, HAS RETURNED TO CASTLE DREER. TO ESCAPE THE TEDIUM OF HIS POETIC RECITATIONS AND THE MOOD OF SOPORIFIC BOREDOM THAT HAS CREPT INTO THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CASTLE, SWEET CHASTITY HAS BEEN PURSUING HER OWN SOLITARY PASTIMES.................
WEREWOLVES ARE AN ENDANGERED SPECIES!
ECOLOGY and PRESERVATION PARTY
STOP THIS CRUELTY!
DO YOU REALIZE THAT IF THESE BLOOD SPORTS AREN'T STOPPED NOW — YOUR CHILDREN WILL NEVER SEE A LIVE WEREWOLF IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT?

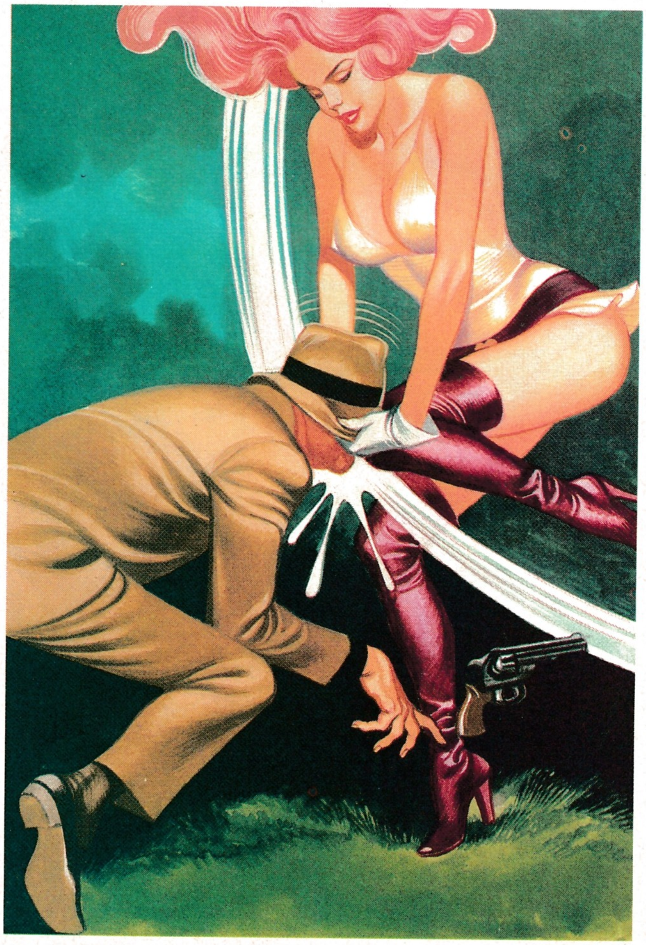

SHE IS UNAWARE THAT HER MOVEMENTS ARE BEING CLOSELY MONITORED.........
WHY DON'T I JUST GO DOWN DERE AN' GRAB HER, SPECS?
DON'T UNDER-ESTIMATE HER, MOOSE!
SHE'S JUST A DAME! A BROAD! A SKOIT! I CAN HANDLE IT!
WE DON'T NEED ALL DIS MAKIN' NOTES AN' WATCHIN' STUFF! ALL YA NEED FER A SNATCH IS A FAST GETAWAY CAR!
LOOK–WE DO JUST AS THE BLACK WIDOW SAYS! WE'RE SOLDIERS! JUST TRY TO REMEMBER THAT, MOOSE–WE CARRY OUT ORDERS
SHE ISN'T A CREATURE OF HABIT, MS–THERE'S NO PATTERN TO HER DAYS
WHY DON'TCHA JEST LEAVE IT TO ME? I'LL GO DOWN AND GRAB DA BROAD FER YA! NO SWEAT!
WILL YOU TELL THAT BIG CRETINOUS ANACHRONISM TO SHUT HIS MACHO MOUTH! THIS ISN'T SOME CRUMMY B MOVIE! THIS IS A REVOLUTION!
LOOK–MOOSE DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM. HIS WAYS MAY BE A BIT OLD FASHIONED, BUT HE'S A PRO–AND YOU NEED A PRO FOR THIS CAPER!
OKAY! OKAY! BUT KEEP HIM IN LINE. I'M RUNNING THIS SHOW AND WE DO IT MY WAY! ANY MORE HASSLE AND WE STICK HIM IN A TRAILER PARK FOR SENIOR CITIZENS AND WE DO THE JOB OURSELVES!
GIVE HIM A BREAK–HE NEEDS THIS JOB TO SUPPLEMENT HIS MAFIA RETIREMENT PENSION!
SMARTASS WOMEN BOSSES! ≡SNIFF≡ BIG WOIDS! IT WUZN'T LIKE DIS IN DE OLD DAYS! ME AN' BUGSY... AN' LUCKY... AN..

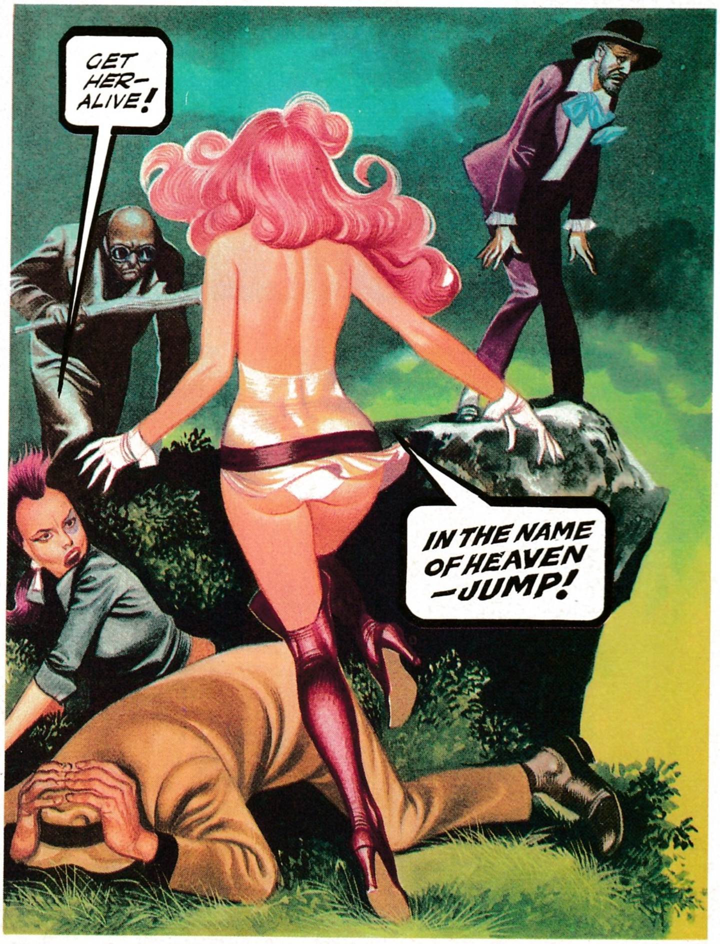

MEANWHILE, AT CASTLE DREER
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING!
OH YEAH! YOU WEREN'T UP AT 5 A.M!
I'M DRIVING INTO THE VILLAGE, TOOMBS — SHOULD ANYONE ASK AFTER ME!
CHASTITY, MY DEAR, COULD I BEG A LIFT? I FANCY A QUIET CRUISE THROUGH THE LOCAL HOSTELRIES!
gay days
OF COURSE, UNCLE OTTO.
'MORNING, UNCLE VINCENT — HAVE A NICE DAY!

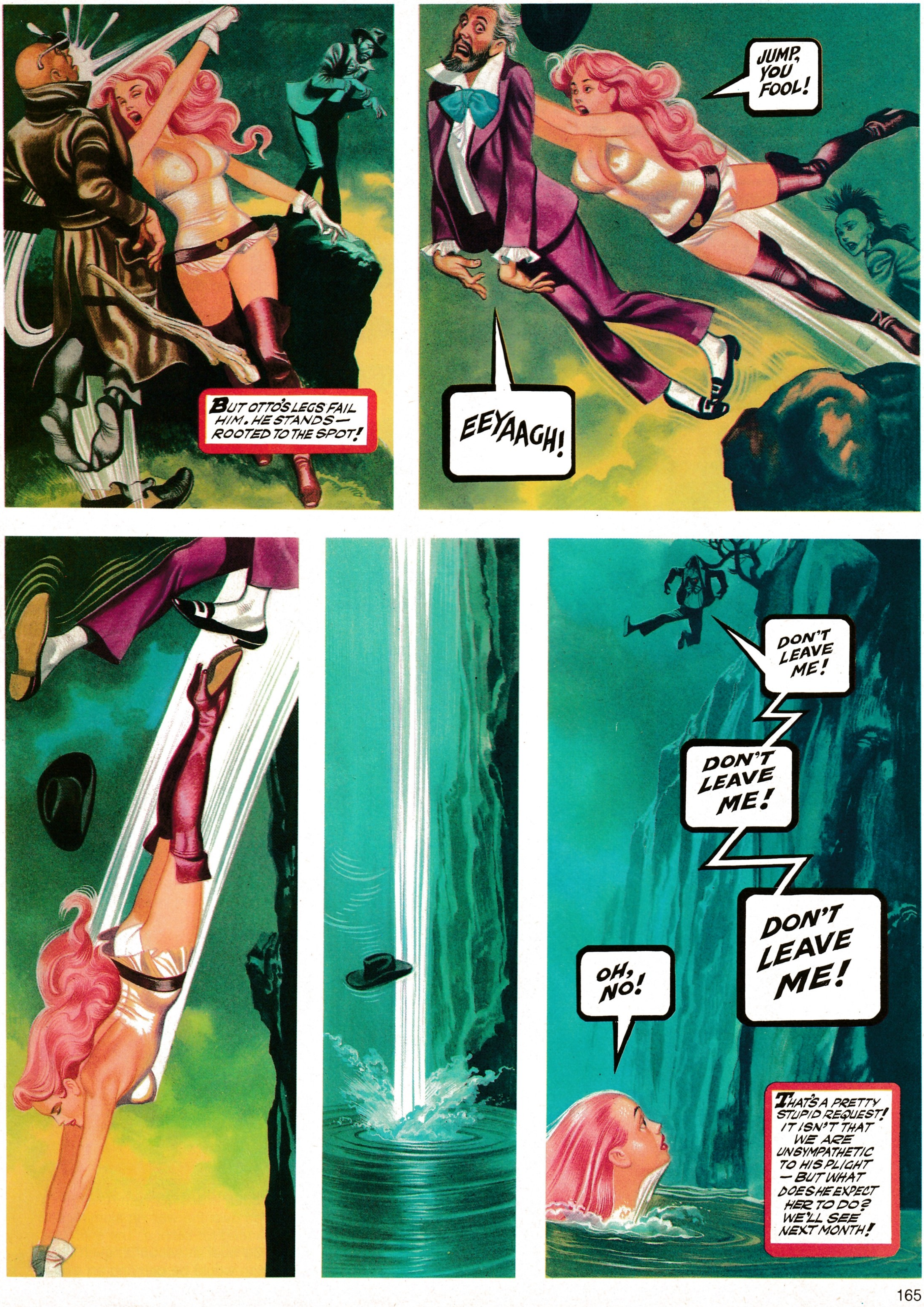

DERE'S A CAR LEAVIN' DA CASTLE NOW. JEEZE—DAT'S MOVIN'!
THAT WILL BE HER! LET'S GO—YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
LOOK OUT!
SCREECH
WHAT'S GOING ON?
DON'T SHOOT!
WE SURRENDER!
GET OUT OF THE CAR—SLOWLY!
KEEP YOUR COOL, UNCLE OTTO! LET ME HANDLE THIS!


STAY CALM, UNCLE OTTO...
....WHEN I GIVE YOU THE WORD—JUMP FOR IT!
DOWN THAT CLIFF? OH, MY GOD! I CAN'T!


JUMP FOR IT!




GET HER—ALIVE!
IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN —JUMP!


BUT OTTO'S LEGS FAIL HIM. HE STANDS—ROOTED TO THE SPOT!
JUMP, YOU FOOL!
EEYAAGH!
DON'T LEAVE ME!
DON'T LEAVE ME!
DON'T LEAVE ME!
OH, NO!
THAT'S A PRETTY STUPID REQUEST! IT ISN'T THAT WE ARE UNSYMPATHETIC TO HIS PLIGHT —BUT WHAT DOES HE EXPECT HER TO DO? WE'LL SEE NEXT MONTH!